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SYLVESTER SOUND,

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

BY HENRY COCKTON, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST."



CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH THE FIRST ALARM IS CREATED.

How soft and serene is the harvest moon!—how calm, how beautiful, how bright!—When all around is tranquil and clear, and the nightingale sings in her sweetest strain, how touching the tones of endearment sound!—who would not kiss?—who could not love? Then Night discards her sombre veil, and—mounting her white one studded with brilliants—celebrates

that love's morn when she became the bride of Day.

Now these few important remarks have been suggested by two most extraordinary facts, namely—that on the first night that Sylvester slept at the cottage, the harvest moon was at the full, and that about twelve o'clock that very night, Aunt Eleanor's cook heard a noise. She and Mary—they slept together—had been in bed nearly two hours; but cook was twenty years Mary's senior, and, being afflicted with

pains in the joints, was far more wakeful than Mary, who invariably buried herself in the clothes, and slept away profoundly.

And the difference between the various species of sleep is amazing: some will sleep quietly, others very noisily—some very lightly, others very heavily—some very sweetly, others very wildly—some very languidly, others very soundly—but without going into any deeply philosophical treatise on sleep, it will be, perhaps, sufficient here to state that a bedfellow's snore is a most unique nuisance, and that anything equal to Mary's snore in the annals of snoring could never be found.

"Mary!" whispered cook, when she first heard the noise, "Mary!—Did you hear that? Mary!—Are you dead?"

That the question—"Are you dead?"—was supererogatory, is a fact which must, it is submitted, be to every highly intellectual person apparent: inasmuch as in the first place a question implies the expectation of an answer, and in the next it is perfectly well known to the intelligent that dead individuals never snore.—This affords another sad and unequivocal proof of the lamentable want of education. Had this cook been conversant with the classics, she never could have asked such a question; but as she knew nothing at all about them—and moreover didn't want to know—she not only put this question to Mary, but announced it as being her unbought opinion that the girl really was dead!—she slept so soundly and snored so well.

"Mary!" continued cook, as the noise increased, "Mary!"—here she shook and pinched her angrily—"the girl *must* be dead. Mary! Mary!"

"It isn't six yet!" yawned Mary.

"Six!—listen!—hush!—do you hear?"

"What's the matter?" said Mary.

"Hark!"

"Oh, it's the cat."

"It's no cat, Mary! Hark! There it is again!"

At this awful moment, they both heard footsteps—they heard them distinctly!—and every step seemed to press upon their hearts.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, what is to become of us!"

"Hush!" cried cook; "Hush! hush!"

The footsteps approached! they came gradually nearer, and still more near! and cook and Mary hugged each other closely, with a view to mutual protection. At length the footsteps reached the door, and cook's heart sank within her.

"D-d-d-on't be frightened, Mary!" she exclaimed! "D-d-d-on't be frightened! Oh! if we should both be ruined!"

"Shall we scream?" said Mary.

"Hark!" cried cook, as the footsteps receded; "Hark, they are going down stairs—do you hear them?"

"I d-d-d-do," replied Mary. "Oh, how d-d-d-dreadful!"

The sound of the footsteps grew more and more faint, until they were heard in the passage below, when the noise increased!—the

very chairs seemed to move! then bolts were withdrawn, and at length a door closed, when all was still as death again.

"They're gone!" said cook, who, while intensely listening to these dreadful sounds, had perspired with so much freedom, that the sheets were quite wet. "Thank heaven! they are gone."

"Are you sure of it?" cried Mary, trembling frightfully—"quite sure!"

"Quite," replied cook, "I heard the door close."

No sooner had Mary been assured of this fact, than she uttered a series of the most fearful screams that ever proceeded from a human throat—"Murder!" she continued, in tones the most piercing—"Murder!—thieves!—fire!—mur-der!"

"Mary—Mary!" exclaimed cook; "hark!"

The bell rang with violence. Their mistress had been alarmed. But then what was to be done?

"Answer the bell, Mary," said cook; "go, and answer the bell."

"*Me* answer the bell!" cried Mary. "*Me*! I couldn't *do* it—no, not if you'd give me the world! Why they may be in missis's room—who knows! they may be a-murdering of her now! Oh, isn't it horrid?"

The bell still violently rang, but neither cook nor Mary could stir. To protect their mistress they would at any other time have done much, but then—with their imagination teeming with murder—they could not answer that bell.

They now heard footsteps again in the passage; and as the very next moment, to their utter horror, they heard a loud knocking at their door, they would, if they could, have sunk into the earth. They were speechless with terror—they ceased to breathe, and felt that all was lost.

From this frightful state of suspense they were, however, soon relieved, for their mistress, having opened her chamber door to ascertain what had caused those dreadful screams, was immediately answered by Judkins. They knew his voice, and could have blessed him. Harsh as it was—for Judkins had not a soft voice—celestial music could not then, in their ears, have sounded more sweetly.

"Why, what on earth *can* be the matter?" enquired Aunt Eleanor. "What can it be?"

"I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure," replied Judkins, "there's suffin wrong, somewhere: somebody shruck dreadful."

"The shrieking *was* dreadful indeed; it must have been Mary."

"I've knocked at the door, but they seem dead asleep."

"Oh, Judkins!" cried cook. "Oh, wait but a moment—Oh, we're not asleep!" and she put on her petticoat hastily, while Mary threw her's round her shoulders, and then struck a light. "Oh! ma'am," continued cook, as she opened the door, "there's been thieves in the house—a whole gang of 'em! Oh, we're so frightened! I really thought that murdered we all should have been."

"You've been dreaming," said Judkins;

"that's my notion. There's been no thieves here. Was that you that shruck?"

"Oh, no, that was Mary. She knows as well as me, there was five or six of 'em at least!"

"That there was," said Mary; "and murdered we *must* have been, if I hadn't screamed."

"It's my belief you dreamt it," said Judkins; "I didn't hear any noise."

"Nor did I," interposed Aunt Eleanor. "But let us go down, and see if the things are disturbed."

Down stairs they accordingly went:—Judkins boldly leading the way with a candle and a poker; but it was at a glance plain that no thieves had been there. The rooms were precisely as they had left them: there was not a thing out of its place. The china was safe, the plate was secure; the front door was fast—in short, everything appeared so exactly as it should be, that Aunt Eleanor freely subscribed to the opinion that the whole affair had originated in a dream.

"There, go to bed again, you silly people," she observed; "go to bed, and don't sleep on your backs. I am glad that that dear boy has not been disturbed. There, go to bed both of you, and, for heaven's sake, let us have no more screaming."

"Well, but I'm sure, ma'am," said Mary, "oh! if I didn't —"

"There, don't say another word about it.—Good night."

As they separated, cook looked at Judkins with great significance, and Judkins—who didn't at all approve of having his rest broken thus—looked with equal significance at her; but he passed her in silence: nor did she even bid him good night. On returning to her room, however, she said, in strict confidence to Mary, "Now I'll tell you what it is: you know, it's all perfect nonsense about our dreaming—that's of course stuff: I know I heard footsteps, and so did you, and so there can be no mistake about that. Now, I'll tell you what, Mary, between you and me, it's my belief, that the footsteps we heard were those of no other man in the world than Judkins! I'm sure of it, Mary: and I'm not often wrong. Now, what right had he there, I ask? What was he *doing*? Depend upon it, Mary, he was after no good!"

Certainly Judkins, who slept over the kitchen, and who had a private staircase to his room, had no right, unless summoned, to be in any other part of the premises at midnight; and, as he was the very person who had suggested that they had been dreaming, it unquestionably did in cook's judgment seem strange; but just as she was about to take a somewhat more comprehensive view of the private character of Judkins, she went to the window, and through it beheld a white figure mounted upon a white horse, leaping the hedges and dashing through the meadows as if he had been following the hounds in full cry.

"Mary! Heaven preserve us!" she exclaimed. "What is this?"

Mary rushed to the window, and in an instant cried—"Oh! it's a ghost!"

"Nonsense!—ghosts don't ride on horse-back!"

"Oh! but they do though, sometimes."

"It's no ghost, I tell you;—that there is a thief, and that thief is your sweetheart, the miller."

"I tell you it's not then!" cried Mary, indignantly. "He a thief, indeed! Well, I'm sure."

"I *know* him by the way in which he rides, and I never did think he was better than he should be. Depend upon it, Mary, he's been in the house, and when we frightened him away, he stole the horse out of the stable, for I'll take my oath that's Snorter—look!"

Away the white figure flew over the fields, and then made a circuit, and then crossed the road, when, as the moon shone full upon him, and he could with the utmost distinctness be seen, they made up their minds at once to point him out to Judkins, and with that view went to his door and knocked.

"Who's there?" cried Judkins, somewhat startled, for he had just got into his second sleep.

"Me!" replied cook; "it's only me, Judkins!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I was right after all. Do come to the door."

"Not a bit of it!—not if I know it. Go to bed, and don't bother."

"I tell you there's a thief about the premises."

"I know there's a fool about the premises."

"I've seen him!" returned cook. "He's just stolen Snorter!"

"I wish *you* were a Snorter with all my soul!" said Judkins, on getting out of bed.—

"Well," he continued, while putting on his smalls, "*this* is a very pretty game, I think!—there's certainly nothing like a change! and such a change as this is. I *must* say, a treat!—Now then," he added, on opening the door, "what fresh maggot's this you've got into your head?"

"It's no maggot, Judkins," said cook; "it's a fact. Look through the window, and there you'll see Snorter a galloping off with a man on his back."

Judkins went to the window and looked, but as he could see nothing at all of the kind, he said pointedly—"What do you mean? Are you taken so often?"

"I don't care," said cook, when, on looking herself, she found that the figure had vanished. "I know there was some man on Snorter. Am I not to believe my own eyes? Mary saw it as well."

"Oh, you saw it, *too*!" said Judkins, "did you? Well, what was it like?"

"It was for all the world like a ghost!" replied Mary.

"It *was* a ghost," said Judkins, ironically; "and nothing but a ghost. What sort of a swell was he, Mary?"

"He was dressed all in white!" replied Mary. "There was not a bit of black at all about him."

"Then of course he was a ghost. He must have been a ghost. And didn't he spit fire, Mary?—and didn't his horse breathe blue flame?—and didn't his eye-balls roll about?—and wasn't he in a white cloud?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said cook, "I don't care a bit about what you say; I know what I

know; and I tell you again, I saw a man riding away upon Snorter. Do you go down to the stable and look: if you find Snorter there, then I've done. Just put on your coat, and go down."

"Why, what do you take me for?" said Judkins. "Who do you think you're a playing upon? You call this a frolic, I s'pose? You've begun a nice game, I know; but you don't play it out upon me. Go to bed; and let's have no more of your nonsense. If you come here again, I'll call missis; she'll very soon put you to rights. You take me, I s'pose, for a fool, don't you? Be off!"

Cook, perceiving that Judkins was highly indignant, muttered something severe, and retired; and when she had had a few warm words with Mary, who felt extremely wroth at its being supposed that the miller was not all her fancy had painted, they both went to sleep, and slept well.

But Judkins for a long time could *not* go to sleep: his indignation at the thought of being considered a fool, was so excessive. And, of all ideas of an unpleasing character, there is probably not one so galling to a man as that of his being considered to be a fool. He may think like a fool, he may speak like a fool, he may be conscious of having acted in a very foolish manner, he may even, confidentially, call himself a fool; but no man thinks that he is a fool in the abstract, nor can any man bear to be thought a fool. And this is a wise provision of Nature.—A *wise* provision of Nature?—Well, it is an absurd conventional term; inasmuch, as *all* Nature's provisions are wise; and, therefore, perhaps, it had better be put thus:—It is one of the provisions of Nature, and its admirable character is manifest in this; that if fools knew they *were* fools, their value in their own estimation would be small, and all fools would be consequently wretched; while the fact of its coming to their knowledge that they are by others supposed to be fools, prompts them to endeavor, at least, to act thenceforth wisely.

This, *prima facie*, may appear to be very severe upon Judkins; but it is in reality not so, seeing that he was no fool, and that no one ever supposed him to be anything like a fool. He was kept awake so long by the idea of its being *imagined* that he was a fool. But when he had sufficiently reflected upon the matter, that is, when he had proven himself to himself, beyond all dispute on the part of himself, to be *no* fool, he went to sleep, and slept until six in the morning.

Being, however, anxious to prove to cook, that he would have been a fool had he allowed himself to act on her suggestion, he no sooner rose than he went to the stable, which he found, to all appearance, externally, just as he had left it. The door was locked; the key was still in the secret place above the door, and the way in which it turned when applied to the lock, convinced him fully that the lock had not been forced. But the moment he entered, he saw at a single glance, that something was wrong. There stood the pony, and there stood Snorter; but Snorter was saddled, and not only saddled, but literally covered with steaming foam!

Judkins stood for a moment, looking at the animal with an expression of amazement the most intense, and having thus viewed him from head to tail, he asked himself the following questions:—First: Where could the horse have been? Secondly: Who could have taken him out? Thirdly: What, under the circumstances, was he to do? The two first questions he couldn't at all answer; he knew only this: that the horse had been out, and that he who had taken him out was no stranger: he therefore passed them to be considered anon, conceiving that the question which demanded his immediate consideration was the third: What, under the circumstances, was he to do?

Should he go in and explain how matters stood in the stable? Would it be wise to do so? He thought not. When he had dwelt upon the triumphant position in which cook would be thereby placed, he *could* not think that the pursuit of such a course would be at all indicative of wisdom. Well then; should he set to work and clean the horse at once, and say nothing whatever about it? This question was the germ of deep thought. It was, however, perfectly clear, that Snorter in any case must be rubbed down; and, as Judkins felt that while rubbing him down he should have sufficient time to arrive at some decision, he pulled off his jacket, and went to work at once.

Now while thus intently engaged, and hissing away like an angry serpent, cook glided past the stable door. She had come out expressly with the view of breaking loose in the event of Snorter having been stolen: it was her immovably-fixed determination to open in that event her whole mind to Judkins, and, therefore, it is not irrational to suppose that, had matters stood as she expected they would stand, and as indeed she really wished them to stand, she would have walked into him warmly; but as she saw the horse in reality there, and therefore felt that she must have been mistaken, in so far as the identity of the animal was concerned, she deemed it prudent to hold her peace, and silently worked her way back.

During the performance of this extraordinary feat, Mary, while assisting her mistress to dress, explained minutely to her all that had occurred—enlarging of course upon every point, and swelling each into all possible importance.

At first, Aunt Eleanor appeared to regard the whole affair as an excellent jest, and she really did enjoy the relation of the circumstances highly; but when Mary, with great force and natural feeling, stated that the miller was suspected of having taken the horse from the stable, her mistress—knowing the attachment which existed between him and Mary—felt herself bound to enquire into the matter, with the view of either clearing his character if innocent, or, in the event of his being guilty, of breaking off the match.

She, accordingly, on descending to the breakfast-room, at once summoned Judkins and cook, and as cook was the first to attend that summons, she at once told her tale, and made one deep mystery of it. Judkins, however, was not long after her, and as he had decided upon sacrificing all private feeling upon the altar of

duty, he came prepared to state the whole case.

"Judkins," said Aunt Eleanor, as he entered, "how does the horse look this morning?"

"Why, he's pretty well, considering, ma'am," replied Judkins.

"Pretty well, *considering*—considering what!"

"Why, ma'am, considering that in all his born days he never had such a sweating as, somehow or other, he has had since I locked him up last night.

"Oh, then," said cook, who felt greatly relieved, and who turned upon Judkins—and he fully expected it—as if she had made up her mind to have at him, "*it wasn't Snorter—it couldn't be Snorter—I was having a game with you, was I—it was one of my maggots—you'll call missis, won't you—it was only a frolic of mine—you are right and I'm wrong, of course!—Now I'll tell you what it is—*"

"Presently, cook," interposed Aunt Eleanor, "have patience. We will hear you presently. What do you mean by the *sweating*, Judkins?"

"Why, ma'am when I went into the stable this morning, I found the horse saddled and in a muck of sweat. Whoever could have got him out, *I can't think!* It must have been some one who knows the premises, for the door was locked, and the key was in its right place, over the door."

"Of course," exclaimed cook, "and the miller knew well where to find it."

"Cook," said Aunt Eleanor, "how do you know that?"

"Why, ma'am, he's always after Mary, and of course she tells him all she knows."

"I know, cook, that you are jealous," said Aunt Eleanor, "but in order that the young man may have an opportunity of vindicating his character, I will send for him at once. You know him, Judkins?—go, and without mentioning a syllable to him on the subject, tell him that I should be glad to speak to him for a moment."

Judkins, casting a look of contempt at cook, then left the room, and, as Sylvester immediately afterwards came in to breakfast, the whole affair was fully explained to him by his aunt, who expressed herself highly delighted at the fact of his not having been disturbed.

And Sylvester—who looked very languid and felt very sore—expressed his amazement at the circumstances related, and the interest which that relation excited was, in reality, deep in the extreme.

"What could have been the man's object?" said he, "he had clearly no intention to steal the horse, seeing that he brought him back, and locked the stable door. It appears to me to be so unaccountable!—I can't understand it at all!"

"It is strange—very strange," said Aunt Eleanor. "But come, my dear, let us have breakfast. Cook," she added, "send in that tongue."

Cook left the room and repaired to the pantry; but the state of things there was so startling, that she almost immediately returned, exclaiming, "Now, ma'am, I *know* there's been thieves in the house! No tongue, no pastry, no

sausage-rolls: not a single bit of any blessed thing can I find! *Everything's gone!* There must have been half-a-dozen of them at least!"

"Well, this," said Aunt Eleanor, "is indeed extraordinary!"

"And what gormandizers, too, they must have been!" resumed cook, "there was half a tongue, four sausage-rolls, six apple-puffs, three or four tarts—three jam-tarts, you know, ma'am—I know there were three—in short, they've eaten every individual thing!"

"This is very mysterious!" observed Aunt Eleanor, calmly, "we shall probably understand it better by-and-bye. You must now do the best you can, my dear, with ham and eggs."

"Do not have anything cooked for me," said Sylvester, "indeed, I've no appetite at all!"

Nor had he! The ham and eggs were ordered by his aunt, notwithstanding; but, when they were brought, he could not touch either. Nor could he in any way account for this. He usually ate a good breakfast!—but he really then felt himself full to repletion. Aunt Eleanor herself became very much alarmed! What on earth could be the cause of it? She couldn't imagine. She felt quite *sure* that he was sickening for something, and was just turning over in her mind the expediency of sending at once for her physician, when Judkins returned from the mill.

On entering the room, he was eagerly followed by Mary and cook, who were both extremely anxious to hear the result; and, when it was announced that the miller had started the preceding day to attend a distant market, and would not return until the morrow, Mary's expression of joy contrasted strongly with that of disappointment, which instantly marked the features of cook, who sufficiently proved that there are feelings of jealousy which do *not* spring from pure love. Foreexample: she didn't love the miller: still she thought that, instead of proposing to Mary, he should have proposed to her. She, with characteristic candor, admitted it to be true that she was a *trifle* older—say twenty years or so—but then she was, in her judgment, a much finer woman!—a far more experienced—a larger-boned person!—She *could* not imagine how any man, having his eyes about him, could prefer such a skit of a thing as Mary to her. But so it was. Cook felt it to be so acutely, and thence she did hope that it would have been proved that the miller had taken Snorter out of the stable; but as it was then to all abundantly clear, that he could not by any possibility have been the man, the question which naturally suggested itself, was—"Whom *could* it have been?" That was the question! And an interesting question it was.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHURCHYARD.

As the world has ever been governed by mysteries—by mysteries amazed—by mysteries amused—by mysteries excited, subdued, and kept in awe—he, who could be, by his hopes of immortality, prompted to grapple with, to open, and to spread completely out,

the philosophy of mystery, would be, beyond all dispute, hailed by the mysterious as a great benefactor to his species. It wouldn't, however, do here: there isn't room for it: and even if there were, such a profound interference with the progress of this history wouldn't be exactly correct; but that a mystery is an affair which doth exercise over the human mind an immense amount of influence is manifest in this, that upon the mysterious piece of business in question, Aunt Eleanor, during the whole morning dwelt.

She *couldn't* make it out!—and in the fact of its being apparently impossible to be made out, consists the chief beauty of a mystery:—she sent for her reverend friend, but *he* could throw no light at all upon the subject; feeling, however, bound to do something, he very benevolently proffered his advice.

"With respect," said he, "to the horse affair, I have nothing whatever to say, being utterly unable to conjecture with justice either how it occurred, or who could have been the man, but, as far as the pastry matter is concerned, I *have* a few words of advice to offer. The same thing occurred to me some years ago, when I kept an academy near Chat Moss. I was constantly losing my pastry. Night after night it went with all the regularity imaginable. I couldn't tell how, but it went. I used even to lock the pantry-door and keep the key in my chamber: still it continued to go. Well, at length resolved to discover, if possible, the cause of all this, I, one evening, introduced a little gentle jalap, and patiently waited the result, which was this, that in the morning there was not a single youth in the establishment perfectly free from qualms! I then at once saw how the matter stood, of course! and although I took no apparent notice of the circumstance, my pastry was thenceforward safe. They wouldn't eat it, even when placed before them!—I couldn't persuade them to touch it! I therefore advise you, my dear madam, strongly to adopt the same course. It is certain to cure them! I know—I have proved it to be a specific!"

Aunt Eleanor smiled: she moreover blushed: and, in order to hide that blush, she went to the sideboard, and having got out a decanter of sherry, placed it before him with a glass and some cake. The very sight of the wine—of which he was fond—made the reverend gentleman eloquent; but the moment he had tasted it down went the glass, and he made up one of the most extraordinary faces ever beheld!—he screwed up his nose, and compressed his lips, and while drawing the corners right down to his chin, looked precisely as if he had been taking something filthy.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Aunt Eleanor, laughing; for really the pastor's face was irresistibly droll—"what on earth is the matter?"

The reverend gentleman shuddered and grunted, and shook his head, and pointed to the glass on the table, with the view of intimating his strong disapprobation of the wine.

"Do you not like the flavour of it?"

"No-o-o-o!" replied the reverend gentleman,

shuddering, with even more violence than before. "It's phy-z-z-zic!"

"Dear me!" said Aunt Eleanor, "why it came out of the very same bin as the last!"

The reverend gentleman did not care much about what particular *bin* it came out of—all he cared about was its peculiar flavour—which flavour really was, in his judgment, bad.

"Some trick has been played with that wine," he observed, as soon as he was able to unscrew his mouth, "depend upon it some trick has been played."

"Impossible, my dear sir!" exclaimed Aunt Eleanor, rising for a glass, with the view of tasting it herself. "Why, what!" she added, on putting her lips to it—"what, in the name of goodness, can it be?"

"Filthy, isn't it?" observed the pastor.

"Filthy!" exclaimed Aunt Eleanor, and burst at once into a merry peal of laughter. "Excuse me," she added, as soon as she could; "pray excuse me: I know that I am very, very rude, but you really do make such a *funny* face!"

Well, that, in the reverend gentleman's view was rich. He would, at that particular moment, have felt a great pleasure in being informed what man, possessing any thing like a palate, could swallow—as he had swallowed—half a glass, or more, of that stuff, without making up a face, which might be denominated fairly funny.

"Well," said Aunt Eleanor, who had been highly amused, and who then rang the bell. "we must rectify this."

"You will never be able to rectify that!" said the reverend gentleman; "that's past all rectification."

Aunt Eleanor—albeit, not much in the habit of laughing—laughed heartily again: and when Mary appeared, she gave her the key of the cellar with the most tranquil face she could assume, and directed her to bring up a bottle of sherry.

The pastor looked at Mary, with an expression which seemed to indicate that he strongly suspected that she had been at that decanter. Mary, however, took no notice of this: she received her instructions, and then left the room.

"It's really very unfortunate," said Aunt Eleanor, "that you should have tasted the very first glass out of that particular bottle!"

"My dear madam," returned the pastor, "depend upon this that I have not had the first glass."

"It was decanted yesterday: it has not since been touched."

"To your knowledge, it may not have been; but it strikes me forcibly that some one has been at it, substituting vinegar, or something of that sort, for three or four glasses of wine."

"Oh! I should say," rejoined Aunt Eleanor, "that there was something in the bottle before the wine was put in."

The reverend gentleman, however, still adhered strictly to his original opinion, which the wine in the fresh bottle tended to confirm. That was something like wine! and he said so: he, moreover, drank half a pint of it, in order to

take the taste of the other out of his mouth; and when this had been effectually accomplished, he briefly reverted to his gentle specific, and then, with many expressions of high consideration, took his leave.

To be continued:

NATURE'S CHILD.

BY R. ATHOW WEST.

In Nature's school the hardy youth was rear'd,
'Mid howling winds and tempests' deadening blast:

Where blighting gales the peasant's prospects seared,

And with despair his rising hopes o'ercast!
In his young boyhood he was forest-taught,
And Nature sure supplies much food for thought!

He copied music from the whistling breeze,
As it murmuring blew,

In softest notes all o'er the verdant plain,
Or roaring wildly, flew

O'er hill and dale, destruction in its train!

And he was taught to climb by the tall trees;
Whilst o'er the bushes he would often bound,
Or try his speed upon the even ground!

And as he grew in years, his sinewy form

Could vie with any native of the wood;

All fearless of the lion as the worm,

Sovereign of each,—each in subjection stood!

Say, was he happy when in wild career,

He scaled the rocks, nor danger knew, nor fear?

Was there no hour, when all in manhood's prime,
He'd sadly sit upon the mountain's edge,

In all things see the mouldering hand of time,
And of his own decay see there the pledge?

And as the beasts resigned their breath,

And birds became a prey to death;

And flower, and shrub, and plant, and tree,

Dropped their brown leaves all witheringly,

As children of mortality,—

Say, would he careless see them fall,

His bosom never beat?

Or would he hear them, one and all,

This lesson oft repeat,—

"Thou too must die,—on thee we call,

Prepare thy death to meet?"

Methinks he would the loud-told lesson hear,

And wonder why with them he had not drooped,

And guess, meantime, at what did not appear,

The power to which the whole creation stooped!

Yes! he might think—"my life will soon be o'er"—

Then take him to his wild:

But pierce no farther,—for no more

Could Nature teach her child!

Oh! Nature, thou canst never teach

The truths our spirits fain would reach!

Thou dost proclaim a hidden Power

Who formed thee in some long-past hour!

Thou show'st thy beauties, and they tell

That thy Creator formed thee well!

But thou art mute, the charge is true,

On what the Scriptures ope to view!

Thou dost not show us our deep-fallen state,

Nor dost thou say how we may rise to God:

Thou canst not stay that dark rebellious hate,

Which caused the 'Son' to leave his high abode,

And tabernacle here below,

To shield from vengeance and to save from woe!

In God's revealed Book alone we're taught,

The hopes that cheer us journeying thro' this wild

That Book alone with happiness is fraught,—

Unbroken bliss is not for Nature's child!

REMINISCENCES OF A VOYAGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

'Twas a glorious morn on which I left
England—the land of my fathers' and of
my fathers' graves—to seek in the Western
World new associations and new friend-
ships!

We were towed by a steamer down the river
Avon. The scenery along its banks was
rich and beautiful, and the foliage, tinged
with autumnal hues, singularly picturesque
and varied. For a considerable distance the
river pursues its course through a deep
ravine, whose craggy heights are crowned
with groves of trees, and freely dotted with
the elegant and costly mansions of the more
wealthy merchants. At the mouth of the
river the steamer left us, and the pilot took
charge of us down the Bristol Channel.
Having only a light breeze we crowded all
sail, royals, studding-sails, &c., and as the
snow-white canvass rose and swelled about
the "good ship Ranger," she seemed in-
deed a thing of life, stepping gaily over the
quiet waters. At three, P. M., we anchored,
wind and tide being against us; and at
half-past eight the same night, weighed
and stood for the mouth of the channel, it
still seeming doubtful whether we should
gain the open sea. By dint of continual
tacking, however, and undersqually weather,
we made Lundy Island, (regarded as the
"gate of the Sea,") about six o'clock the
following (Sunday) evening, having the is-
land about 8 miles to windward, bearing E.
N. E. The pilot left us about two hours be-
fore, and from certain movements on his
part, I could not but suspect that he saw a
storm brewing, and wanted not the responsi-
bility of a heavily laden ship on a lee shore.
And now commenced our voyage.

Our ship was a small American vessel of
some 400 tons burthen, freighted with rail-
road iron; and never did vessel prove herself
more really seaworthy, or more capable of
contending with stormy winds and an angry
sea than did the Ranger. We were scanti-
ly manned, but well commanded, and no
ardent spirits allowed on board. My com-

panions de voyage were, first, an American gentleman, connected with the theatrical profession, whom we will call Dawson. This gentleman had been "starring" at the English metropolitan theatres, was a thorough man of the world, had seen much of what is termed "life," both in his native country and in England, and had considerable literary taste. He had, moreover, sojourned for some length of time amongst the Indian tribes, was familiar with their customs and their language, and had the faculty of making himself very agreeable during the voyage. There was also another American gentleman, who had been out to China as mate of a large ship which had been discharged at the port from whence we sailed, and who was now returning to New-York as a passenger by the *Ranger*. He was a remarkably smart and intelligent young fellow, and proved an acquisition to our company. The third "in our collection," whom we will christen Adolphus Green, was a young Englishman, and quite a character. He was not more than twenty-one years of age, had acquired a smattering of Latin and of surgery, and would fain have passed himself off as a raking, fashionable, sporting blade of the first water. But the covering was too flimsy, and the associations of the pot-house, and language of vulgarity, soon displayed themselves. His speech betrayed him. Yet he contributed largely to our amusement, as these "Reminiscences" will hereafter show. It will also be apparent why I have christened him Adolphus Green, and ere the half has been told, the reader will acknowledge the propriety of the cognomen. I must not forget to add that in the steerage were two passengers—an old man and his grand-daughter.

And now having introduced to the reader all the *dramatis personæ* in this veritable history, I take up the cue at Lundy Island. I have already hinted a suspicion that our pilot foresaw a storm gathering, and apprehensive, probably, that he could not get clear of the land and might have to take the ship back into the "roads," and be there detained, had taken to his boat, which had kept us company down the channel. The storm came. The weather grew more tempestuous, and the squalls more frequent and continuous, until at midnight it blew a severe gale. I lay in my berth, rolling from side to side with the violent motion of the ship, and musing o'er the new scenes on which I had entered, when the call was suddenly passed to the watch below, "All hands—reef topsails!" and then the din and rattle and shouting were too much for the landsman's curiosity, and having laid down

without undressing, I essayed to spring to my feet, and ascertain the cause of the seeming confusion overhead! Alas! alas! I was no longer master of my own actions! That most cruel of all tyrants, and most powerful of all enemies,—sea-sickness—had laid his remorseless hand upon me, and I was powerless in his grasp! How strange the feeling—how entire the prostration! With ordinary sickness a man may grapple, and the spirit that is within him may triumph over the weakness of the body, but with *this* the effort were futile, even were there the disposition to make it. Perhaps the most accurate description ever given of the state of feeling induced by its more violent paroxysms was once given by a clerical friend of mine, who described his feelings thus—"Why, sir, if two angels had stood beside my berth, one from above and one from beneath, and had each sought to convey me to his own habitation, I should but have enquired which would remove me most speedily, and have been indifferent to all beyond." Fortunately I did not suffer long; with calmer weather came returning strength, and the next morning found me once more perambulating the deck.

The following night was but a repetition of the foregoing one. It blew a complete gale. Our main-top-gallant-sail and fore-top-sail were split into ribbons before they could be reefed. The ship was struck by successive seas till her cargo of iron rang like a peal of bells, and, shifting with the lurch of the ship, seemed about to burst through her sides. At length we got the vessel hove to under a storm-sail, and there she lay upon the boiling waters, pitching, tossing, heaving, plunging, and rolling like a thing bewitched, for some twelve or fourteen hours, when we again got under sail, the storm having subsided. On the evening of this, the fifth day, from our leaving port, an incident occurred with which Mr. Adolphus Green will be associated in the memory of every one on board the *Ranger*, A schooner which had been in sight all day, but like ourselves had hove to in the gale, towards evening bore down to speak with us. As she neared us, the second mate, a quiet wag in his way, sidled carelessly up to poor Green, looking earnestly at the schooner in apparent uneasiness and alarm, and then broke out into a soliloquy—"I don't like that fellow hanging about us all day, and now bearing down within hail at night."

Poor Adolphus turned "most ghastly pale," and after subduing a slight spasm in his throat, tremulously enquired the meaning of these ominous words. Mr. Jones, for that was the second mate's name when the

"handle" was put to it, finding the bait was taken, proceeded with great gravity to inform his attentive listener that a certain vessel, of very suspicious and piratical character, was known to be cruising in that quarter; that she was described as being schooner-rigged, with a low, black hull, and rakish masts and rigging; that she carried a crew of from forty to fifty men, who invariably went below when a prize hove in sight, leaving only the usual compliment of hands upon deck; and as the vessel now nearing us answered exactly to the description he had just given (at which the reader will not wonder) he feared we were going to fall into cruel and murderous hands. The joke of a pirate in the immediate proximity of the Bristol Channel was too rich not to be joined in by every one. Soon the hoarse voice of the captain of the schooner came rattling against our rigging as he hailed us through his trumpet, and was as promptly responded to by Captain Pearce, of the Ranger—

"What schooner is that?"

"The Cork Packet," was the gruff reply.

"Cork gammon," said the second mate passionately, and with a significant glance at Green.

"Where from?" bawled Capt. P.

"From Gibraltar—bound for Cork," came grating over the water.

"Pshaw! that's the answer the fellow always gives," chimed in the second mate.

The schooner dropped to leeward. Mr. Adolphus Green spoke not, but there was in his troubled countenance a

"Silent eloquence more rich than words,"

that betrayed the excitement within. The second mate went forward to indulge a hearty laugh. Others took up the wondrous tale. One thought he heard the crew unlash the guns; another the splash of a boat as it was lowered into the water, and all observed that as she veered off she seemed loath to leave us, but that she probably thought our vessel too large to be attacked until after night-fall!

But the night was now rapidly closing in; and the schooner was looming large and distant in the increasing fog. Simultaneously, the crew discovered boats in half a dozen different directions, all pulling towards the Ranger, for the purpose of surrounding us; and it was suggested that as soon as they approached near enough, they would board us under cover of the schooner's guns. Green was now roused and excited to phrenzy. The Ranger had at one time traded in the China seas, and carried two small guns on her deck, besides having be-

low a quantity of old rusty small arms, boarding pikes, cutlasses, &c. He made a formal demand to the mate that the guns should be got ready and the small arms served out. Two stars near the horizon were magnified, by his fevered imagination, into signal-lights, and rushing to the fore-castle he hailed the crew and called upon them to come upon deck and defend the ship. They protested that they were paid only working wages, and fight they would not. One of the passengers thought it possible that there might be collusion between the crew and the "pirate," and suggested that Mr. Green should go down into the cabin, and report both officers and crew to the Captain. He did so. The Captain confided to him the secret that he too had his suspicions, and pointing to what he called the "armory," hinted that he had better provide himself for an emergency; and when our mirth-provoking companion again appeared on deck he was greeted with roars of laughter on every side. He was indeed "armed to the teeth,"—a rusty cutlass suspended by a mouldy belt, and a brace of pistols stuck therein *à la* bandit, while his right hand grasped a gun, which for length had ne'er a rival! Again and again the peals of laughter made the welkin ring; the poor fellow stood a moment—the truth flashed upon his mind—he rushed below, and was *sick* "until after many days."

'Tis always a pleasant thing to speak a ship at sea! or even merely to exchange signals with a fellow voyager across the watery deep! It reunites one, for a passing moment, with the actual world of men and things, and enlivens the dreary solitude of the trackless waste! At the cry of "*Sail ho!*" what interest is awakened! How eagerly all rush on deck! How intently all gaze upon the stranger-friend! And if she have made signals to come within hail, how rife are conjectures as to her name, her country, and her destination! Some ten days after the scene just described, I had been engaged writing below. Thoughts of home, and friends, and loved ones, had flitted o'er my mind,—

"Spirit was with spirit blending"—

and memory was opening her rich store-houses of treasured associations and friendships—now reveling amid long years of social bliss, anon clinging with fond tenacity to the last imprinted token of affection;—and hope was busy, picturing new and beatific visions of promised happiness, and

—"Each dim discovered scene
More pleasing seemed than all the rest had been—
Whilst every form that fancy could repair
From dark oblivion, glowed divinely there!"—

when the loud cry of "a sail! a sail!" awoke me from my delicious yet pensive reverie, and I hastened to join my fellow passengers on deck. The day was fine, but the sea was swollen, and "the waves thereof tossed themselves" in fretfulness and wrath; now heaving on high their crests of spray, then sinking into deep and treacherous vallies. Our gallant ship was beating and plunging against a head-wind, and bearing down to us was a noble English bark, bending gracefully beneath her swelling canvass, with her signal-flag flying, and her crew, like our own, standing on the deck, eager to exchange the few monosyllables—to each of us more precious, at that moment, than a treasured volume—of news and salutation! And O it was a lovely sight—for, as though of her own accord she came bounding down to us from windward to pass under our stern, leaping like a grey-hound o'er the crested waves! 'Twas but a passing word—a full gaze at each other—a friendly gesture! Yet how full of humanity and kindness, and how forcible an illustration of the inspired proverb, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend"! And then away and away sped the bark on her pathless course, but not without carrying with her a memento to distant friends, (in the form of a letter which one of the sailors threw on board for me,) of that affection which "many waters could not quench." We met but once—not in the crowded city or the cottage home—not with protracted greetings and lengthened converse—but transiently, and for a moment only, in the solitude and silence of the homeless ocean—on the liquid pavement of God's vast temple—members of his common family—probably never to meet again, until as suddenly we meet when the earth shall have been destroyed—"the sea and all that therein is."

Reader, did you ever pass seven stormy weeks at sea? Then hast thou experienced many strange feelings and learned many marvellous things! If thou hast not, I will give thee a record of a day on the seas! The morning dawns—I rise and go on deck to look out on the unvarying, yet ever-changing prospect around. Oh! I love to gaze upon the SEA! aye, in its very calmness,—and I have seen it with scarcely a ripple upon its glass-like surface! Still, solemn, silent, save a very low murmuring, sounding musically and harmoniously to a contemplative mind! Yet how much! how many! has it engulfed, and the quiet waters are resting heavily upon the dead and the lost! and the "greedy sea" is lifting its placid countenance towards Heaven, as though it

would conceal its greediness, and hide its myriads, from the eye of Omniscience!—Yet shall those mighty waters be stirred to their unfathomed depths, and from their departed waves shall rise the innumerable dead, at the sound of the trumpet and at the voice of God!

But let it be a stormy morning,—the ship pitching and bounding amid mountain waves and lying nearly on her beam-ends, beneath the fierceness of a keen northwester. Yet for the sake of varying the dull monotony of cabin seclusion, and being somewhat inured to the "perils of the deep," you still resolve to visit the deck. You have first to travel across the cabin and to ascend the companion ladder, and this, with a "nasty sea on," is no easy task. Balancing yourself carefully, and measuring the distance suspiciously with your eye, you wait for a moment of comparative quiet, and make a dash at the bannister-railing. But just at the same moment an uncourteous wave gives Ranger a smart blow in the ribs, the ship gives a spasmodic lurch, and instead of going *up* you go *down*, and floundering along, become an "uninvited guest" in the berth of your neighbor "over the way." A second attempt meets with better success, and "in perils often" you reach the deck. But the ship heels over fearfully, and you can only traverse the deck, slippery with saline spray, or even preserve your footing, by clinging to the rigging, bulwarks, belaying-pins, capstan, or any thing that is a fixture. And the probability is, that while you are clinging to the rattlings, and with half-closed eyes are peering out into the horizon, and gazing with enthusiasm—for I suppose you, dear reader, to possess that inconvenient quality—upon the vast expanse of hissing and foaming waters, an impudent wave comes leaping over the bulwarks—you dare not loosen your hold or you will be swept at least across the deck; to save yourself as best you may, you duck below the bulwarks, and the pure element washes down your back! Taken by surprise, and not a little bewildered, you essay again your erect position, and receive the remainder of the "briny wave" face to face. Oh, yes! you will soon learn why a sailor should be able to "hold on by the hair of his head," for this is not all.

(To be continued.)

VICE.—The vices wait for us through life, like hosts with whom we are obliged successively to lodge; and it is uncertain, were we twice to take the same journey, whether experience would make us avoid them.

THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

I cannot tell thee all the love that dwells within my heart,
To thee my fairest, dearest one, for deeply loved thou art;
Beyond compare with whatsoe'er the fertile earth may yield,
Or gems, that deep in ocean's bed lie hidden and concealed!

I know that there are brilliant eyes, and locks of auburn hair,
And virgin forms of chastest mould, all beautiful and fair;
And they may add the jeweled zone, and bright and precious pearls,
May sparkle in their native light amid luxuriant curls:

And they may move in graceful dance on "light fantastic toe,"

And blushing joy and merriment in every feature glow:

And they may breathe bewitching words, but what are they to me,
So long as I am truly loved, my beautiful, by thee?

I would not change the faintest smile on those dear lips of thine,

Or glance from that bright eye which speaks mine own forever mine,

For lighted hall, or festive board, they're not the spots for me,

I could not breathe the tainted air of midnight revelry,

Since thou hast joined thy fate to mine, my dearest and mine own,

I will not envy all the joys that others' hearts have known:

My home, though poor, an Eden is, and dearer far to me,

Than honor, glory, wealth, or fame, while shared my love, by thee!

ANESQUETTE;

A STORY OF THE VALLEY D'ASPE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

The valleys of the Pyrenees are each possessed of a separate charm,—one being distinguished from the other by some peculiar feature. Thus, the Vallée d'Aspe has characteristics which render it unlike that of Ossau, although, in point of beauty, they are the same.

From the high terrace of the fine, boldly-situated town of Oleron, a range of snow-covered mountains, startling in their vicinity, disclose a new region, the entrance to which is by an opening at the extremity of a fertile

and smiling plain. As soon as the traveller has entered this gorge, he finds himself between high hills covered with verdure and foliage for some distance; as he continues to ascend, the hills rise and begin to assume a more savage aspect, while the hoarse voice of the rushing torrent at their base becomes more hollow, and its course more impatient and wild. This beautiful mountain stream is called the Gave d'Oleron, and is here very wide and full, although the rocks which impede its course prevent it from showing itself in such breadth as at the town from which it takes its name, beneath whose walls it joins its brother torrent, arrived from the heights of Gabas, as green and clear and sparkling as itself.

The color of these waters is quite enchanting to the eye; nothing can exceed the brilliancy and purity of the soft green hue which tinges them as they pour over the grey rocks in foaming cascades, while here and there, as they lie comparatively quiet in little lakes, between the stony ramparts which hem them in, their tint is that of the deepest and richest emerald. Every step down this delicious valley shows new beauties, and still the charming Gave keeps up its eternal animation.

When summer is in its prime, nothing can be conceived more exquisite than the plain of Bedous, which lies, a piece of tableland as it were, in the midst of the rugged passes which lead from it on one side towards Ploron and the Pays Basque, and on the other to Saragossa and the Spanish wilds beyond. Bedous is now an insignificant village at the extremity of the gorge over which the snowy mountains frown, and overhang it so close that every winter threatens to overwhelm its church and houses in ruin; but just in the centre of the luxuriant lawn, and meadows, and corn-fields which fill up the space between, stands the once important and still *metropolitan* town of Accous, celebrated above all its other attractions, as the birth-place of the poet Despourrins, the Virgil of the Vallée d'Aspe, whose songs are sung by every shepherd of the Pyrenees, and whose fame will never die, at least there.

At some little distance from Accous, concealed amongst the mountains, lies the romantic village of Aydiou, which peeps forth from its elevated position like a dove's nest amidst a grove of pines. Here, in this secluded spot, lived a widow, with an only daughter, called by all her neighbors by the diminutive of Anesquette, for she was like the lambs she tended in gentleness, gaiety, and beauty. She had never been into any of the villages or towns which border

the Gave, and only led her flock to the high hills immediately above Aydiou. She had heard that there was a world beyond, but she knew it not, and the idea of extending her wanderings as far as Bedous, appeared to her a thing not to be attempted. Occasionally she looked down from the mountain above Accous, and beheld the spire and tower of its fine church with great awe, and its crowding houses with almost a shudder, rejoicing that it was not her fate to breathe the air of so pent-up a place. There was a town whose renown had reached her, but its fame was of so doubtful a nature, that she almost shrunk from the knowledge of its existence. This was Lescun, situated high up in the mountains, far away from the main path through the valley, and only reached by a perilous ascent, by roaring cataracts, and through gorges of rock of terrible height, whose shapes were so strange and menacing, that it seemed as if they were the forms of evil spirits turned into stone, and only awaiting a signal to start out on the unwary wanderer. It was not, however, the rugged aspect of this retreat which was its most revolting feature; those who inhabited it were said to be persons without goodness, religion, or mercy; they were held in abhorrence by all, and feared as much as they were hated. It was more than suspected that they lived chiefly by contraband trade; and the only crimes that had ever been heard of in the valley, had their seat in that abode reprobated by all honest and well-thinking persons.

The inhabitants of Lescun, however, concerned themselves but little about the opinion of their neighbors; they were very rich, and were content, provided they evaded the officers of excise, who kept but a careless watch on the frontier, and were not too acute in their scrutiny of the apparently tired travellers, who, arriving from Spain by Urdos, took their way down the valley and struck suddenly off, by almost impracticable paths, to the unseen village, where their toils were ended for the time, and where they rejoiced over the gains which their last trip into Spain had procured them, displaying the merchandize which they had successfully smuggled into France in exchange for that they had carried with them.

However suspicious the characters of the natives of Lescun might be, their reputation for wealth procured them a certain degree of respect from those of the lower towns in the valley engaged in trade, although, in so simple a village as Aydiou, they were looked upon as persons to avoid. The mother of Anesquette had a brother, whose business flourished in Accous, and who might be

considered a man of the world, for he was frequently obliged to make journeys as far as Oleron itself, to dispose of the wool in which he dealt; he was accustomed to pay visits, rare, but welcome, to his widowed sister; and after an interval of more than a year, one fine summer's evening he climbed the steep hills which separated their abode, and arrived at the cottage, where Anesquette's mother was seated outside, spinning with great diligence, her eyes occasionally turned towards a mountain path by which her daughter was accustomed to descend when the shades of night were beginning to fall.

M. Galabin was received with open arms by the widow, who instantly commenced regretting the absence of Anesquette, who was, she said, later than usual that night, but would not now be many minutes before she arrived.

"My young friend, the son of Jean Escuré," said M. Galabin, as he introduced a companion, "will, I am sure, not grudge going to the top of the hill to look for my pretty niece; for my time is but short, and I cannot afford to miss her society."

The young man appealed to instantly professed his willingness to go in search of the shepherdess, and his eyes sparkled as he bounded off on his agreeable errand.

"How fortunate!" said he to himself; "I shall at length see this beauty, about whom there is so much talk at Accous—they say she is far more beautiful than any girl in the valley. I wonder if she is better looking than Jeannette?"

He had not long to speculate, for at a turn of the path, just crossing a little bridge over a rushing stream, he saw before him her whom he sought; but few persons had beheld her as he then did, for perhaps it was the first time in her life that she had been agitated by anger or terror. She was running at full speed, her fine hair flying wildly from beneath the bright-tinted handkerchief which bound her head, her color heightened, and her eyes flashing with excitement. When she saw the young man who was sent to seek her, she increased her pace, as if she at once guessed his errand; and the moment she reached the spot where he stood, she uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and stopped to take breath. As she did so, young Escuré gazed upon her with astonished admiration, and the parallel of the beauty of his acquaintance, Jeannette, with hers never occurred to his mind, for it even appeared to him that an angel would be unworthy to compare to her. She wore the costume of her mountains, which is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a dark green

petticoat and black velvet bodice, and jacket laced with scarlet, a white stomacher, and long sleeves ornamented with bright buttons at the wrists: a handkerchief of many colors on her head, fantastically tied, over which a scarlet-peaked hood was generally thrown, but now hung behind at her back. Her pretty little feet were bare, but a scarlet frill adorned the dark leggings which reached to her ancles.

After a few moments' pause, during which she turned a frightened look towards the way she had come, Anesquette acknowledged the courtesy of young Escuré, who stood with his brown berret in his hand, as if awaiting her pleasure.

"I am sure," said she, "that you are a friend; do you not come from my mother?" As she spoke, she turned on him a pleased look, accompanied with a smile, which completed the fascination already begun. He explained the object of his coming, to hasten her return.

"Oh," cried she, "I should have long since been home, but I have been strangely frightened; however, now you are with me, I can go back without fear and fetch my flock."

These words were charming to the ear of the young man, for they at once associated him with herself, asked his protection, and placed him in her confidence.

"Has any one dared to frighten you?" exclaimed he, his color rising as he spoke.

"I know not who it was," replied Anesquette, "but I do not doubt he must have come from Lescun, where all bad people live. He is a tall, dark man, with very black eyes, and he darted suddenly out from behind the rocks above there, startling me very much. I thought, however, he would pass on, but he approached and insisted on my staying to hear what he had to say; he told me he had watched me for some time, and that it was of no use my flying away, as he wished to relate to me something very particular. He tried to detain me, but I would not stay; and at last, when I ran from him, he pursued me with strange words, and I quite lost my presence of mind, and was hurrying down to the village as fast as possible to escape him, when happily I met you. Perhaps," she added, smiling, "I was foolish to be so terrified; but it is getting late, and he had such a strange, unearthly look, that I could not but think of the giant of the Pic d'Anie, who, you know, is known to come down from his garden at the top of the mountain, and is said to carry off young maidens and sometimes their lambs together."

Escuré walked on with an agitated step,

and in no very agreeable mood, in hopes of finding the intruder who had terrified his beautiful charge, but there were now no symptoms of his appearing again, nor had he left any trace of his presence. The flock was gathered and penned for the night, and at length the pair descended the steep together to the cottage. Their long absence had increased the anxiety of the widow, and they were both hailed with embraces on the cause of their delay being recounted. It seemed as if a mutual understanding had immediately sprung up between each of the parties; and before they parted that night, they talked and laughed and related stories to each other, as if they had been acquainted all their lives.

"I wonder who the fellow was who interrupted my niece?" said Galabin to his young friend, as they went back to Accous; "perhaps she is not far wrong in imagining he came from Lescun, for they are a sad set—the less they see of her the better. I care not much for their society myself, but in the way of business I am often obliged to deal with them, and indeed to-morrow I am forced to go there on account of traffic; this is between ourselves."

"Let me accompany you," said Escuré suddenly, "as I am to be brought up to your trade, it is fit I should know something of its secrets; and I may besides be useful in case of your meeting with any awkward adventure."

Galabin did not oppose the young man's wish, and the next evening they set out together for the wild spot never sought openly by any of the inhabitants of the valley. As they proceeded, Galabin could not resist opening his mind to his young apprentice, for such Escuré was, on a subject which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"I have been considering," said he, "that my niece, Anesquette, is very pretty and genteel, and it is a pity she should remain always shut up amongst these hills, without being seen by any one;—why such a face as that would make a fortune at court, and who knows but that she might make a conquest of some rich man, and be able to raise the family. My sister is poor, and by and by she may be entirely thrown on me, which would be inconvenient enough—whereas, if my niece marries well, what a difference it would make! I will tell you my idea. The man I am going to at Lescun is a Spaniard, long resident there; he has great wealth, and an only son, who will settle to no business, but is always roaming about the mountains, sometimes disappearing for weeks and months together, and annoying his father, who has a good fortune to give him, but has

no pleasure in his society, and wants to marry him and make a home. He would then leave Lescun and settle at Accous, and enjoy the money he has amassed. Now, if this young man were to marry Anesquette—"

"How!" cried Escuré, "would you give her to a dissolute, idle, perhaps wicked man like this you speak of?"

"Oh, as for that," said Galabin, laughing, "all women must take their chance—he would be the same as another when once sobered down by matrimony; and then think what a match it would be—why his father has bags of gold uncounted."

Escuré sighed, for he recollected that he was penniless, and his father a poor man, with nothing but industry to support himself and a large family. He sighed again, for he had heard something not unlike this before, when the merits of the young heiress of Accous, Jeannette, had been discussed in their family, and his mother had expressed her opinion, that if he followed up his advantage, he might one day call her his bride, for she evidently regarded him with no indifferent eye. Till he saw Anesquette he had listened with satisfaction to these speculations, but a change was now effected in his mind, and he had forgotten the existence of the heiress altogether.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF MENTAL ABERRATION.

MANY persons, not being aware of the numerous forms which mental aberration may assume, and hastily concluding that it must extend to all the intellectual faculties, and affect the exercise of each one of them, have been very much perplexed with the case, the very melancholy case, of the poet Cowper. The disorder, however, may be confined to a single persuasion, leaving the mental powers in their usual state when employed about all other subjects. Upon all questions *but one*, the reasoning will be not only correct, but powerful; on *that one*, the delusion is invincible. The fact, as a fact, is plain, though, in its causes, most mysterious, showing our utter dependence on the God of our life.

A very remarkable instance of this was furnished in the beginning of the last century, in Mr. Simon Browne, a Dissenting Minister. He was born at Shepton-Mallet, England, and became Minister to the Dissenting congregation, Old Jewry, London, 1716. He was a man of real piety, and great ability; and exercised his ministry

with much acceptance, till, in 1723, he was seized with a malady which continued to the close of his life. He desisted from all ministerial duty, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. He imagined that almighty God had annihilated in him the thinking faculty, so that though he retained the human shape, and had the faculty of speech he had no more notion of what he said than a parrot. He was even grieved that others would not perceive and acknowledge what was so plain to himself. Generally, he was calm, and even lively in conversation, whenever it did not relate to himself. He amused himself with translating several parts of the Greek and Latin poets into English verse; composed various works for the use of children and youth; amassed together all the themes of the Greek and Latin languages: and compiled a dictionary for each. He carefully studied the scriptures, and wrote several works in divinity. He published replies to the infidels Woolston and Tindal; the latter, one of the most powerful that was written.

And yet the very man, thus constantly employed in intellectual labor, believed that the thinking faculty—that which distinguishes man from the brute, and constitutes him a moral agent—was totally destroyed! To his "Reply to Tindal," a good-sized octavo volume, he wrote a dedication to Queen Caroline, describing his case, and imploring her commiseration. He says, speaking of himself, "He was once a man, and of some little name, but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his thinking substance has, for more than seven years, been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no, not the least remembrance of its very ruins remains; not the shadow of an idea is left. Such a case will certainly strike Your Majesty with astonishment; and may raise that commiseration in your royal breast, which he has in vain endeavored to excite in those of his friends; who by the most unreasonable and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined that a thinking being could, for seven years together, live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations, and state, and to what the great God has been doing in it, and to it." Thus does he complain of his friends for their *unreasonableness* in supposing that he was not altogether destitute or reason himself, while composing works calling for the exercise of every faculty which the mind possessed.

THE MANIAC.

BY THE EDITOR.

Maria had in youth been fair, and proud, and blythe,
and gay,

And health, and hope, and happiness, seemed
thronging on her way:

Her smile was bliss to many a swain, a glance from
her bright eye,

Would thrill thro' all your inmost soul, yourself uncon-
scious why!

So lightly tripp'd she o'er the mead, that scarcely
the green earth

Received the impress of her feet,—she seemed of
higher birth:

All graces decked her beauteous form, so dignified
and free,

And virtuous then and chaste she was, as maidens
ought to be!

A reckless one—a profligate—a dissipated youth,
Saw her fair form and loved her too, and whispered
vows of truth.

Nay, it was neither love nor truth,—but passion
uncontrolled,

And he narrowly watched his maiden prize, as a
greedy wolf the fold!

'Tis true, he wore fair virtue's garb, and vow'd his
constancy,

But dark deceit was in his heart—delusion in his
eye!

Alas! by his fell stratagems he robbed her of her all,
Then left her in her wretchedness, and scorned her
in her fall!

She wanders now at midnight hour o'er yonder
heathy plain,

A withered shrub, a blighted flower, a thing with
fevered brain!

A wreck of former loveliness, a form of walking
grief,

A prey to want and poverty, yet asking no relief!

A tattered garb is hardly made to hide her shrunken
form,

Exposed alike to the burning sun, and pelting of
the storm!

At every passer-by she sees, her tattered garb she
shakes,

Or wildly shrieks—a maniac's laugh—and to the
woodland takes.

MARRIAGE.—Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct, and elegant, has described the benefits of marriage. They are these:—1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them.—2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some.—3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it.—4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, bear her part.—5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy.—6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.—7.

Nothing is delightful alone. No society is equal to marriage.—8. The bond of conjugal love is adamant.—9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled, brothers, sisters, families, nephews.—10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue.—11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life.—12. If nature escape not punishment, thy will shall not avoid it, as he sung, that without marriage,

"Earth, air, sea, land, full soon will come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

"SOMETHING TO DRINK."

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S EXCURSIONS ALONG THE BANKS OF
THE RHINE.

The pleasure of seeing curious objects, museums, churches, or town-halls, is considerably lessened by the constant demand for fees. Upon the Rhine, as in all much-frequented countries, such demands sting you like gnats. On a journey let the traveller put faith in his purse, and without it let no man look for the tender mercies of hospitality, or the grateful smile of a kindly farewell. Allow me to set forth the state of things which the aborigines of the Rhine have created, as regards the fee, or *pour boire*.

As you enter the gates of a town you are asked to what hotel you intend to go; they next require your passport, which they take into their keeping. The carriage pulls up in the court-yard of the post-house; the conductor, who has not addressed a word to you during the whole journey, opens the door and thrusts in his filthy hand—"something to drink." A moment afterwards comes the postilion, who, though prohibited by the regulations, looks hard at you, as much as to say, "something to drink."—They now unload the diligence, and some vagabond mounts the roof and throws down your portmanteau and carpet bag—"something to drink!" Another puts your things into a barrow, and inquiring the name of your hotel, away he goes, pushing his barrow. Arrived at the hotel, the host insinuatingly inquires your wishes, and the following dialogue takes place, which ought to be written in all languages on all the doors of all the rooms:—"Good day, sir." "Sir, I want a room." "Good, sir; (bawls out) No. 4 for this gentleman." "Sir, I wish to dine." "Directly, sir," &c. You ascend to your room, No. 4, your baggage having preceded you, and the barrow gentleman appears. "Your luggage, sir—something to drink." Another now appears, stating that he carried your baggage up stairs. "Good," say you, "I will not

forget you with the other servants when I leave the house." "Sir," replies the man, "I do not belong to the hotel—*something to drink.*" You now set out to walk, and a fine church presents itself. Eager to enter, you look around, but the doors are shut! "*Compelle intrare,*" says holy writ, according to which the priests ought to keep the doors open. The beadle shut them, however, in order to gain "*something to drink.*" An old woman, perceiving your dilemma, points to a bell handle by the side of a low door; you ring, the beadle appears, and on your asking to see the church, he takes up a bundle of keys and proceeds towards the principal entrance, when, just as you are about to enter, you feel a tug at your sleeve, with a renewed demand for "*something to drink.*"

You are now in the church. "Why is that picture covered with green cloth?" is your first exclamation. "Because it is the finest we possess," replies the beadle. "So much the worse" is your reflection. "In other places they exhibit their best paintings, *here they conceal their chef d'œuvres.*" "By whom is the picture?"—"By Rubens." "I wish to see it." The beadle leaves you a moment, and returns with a grave-looking personage, who, pressing a spring, the picture is exposed to view; but upon the curtain reclosing, the usual significant sign is made for "*something to drink,*" and your hand returns to the pocket. Resuming your progress in the church, still conducted by the beadle, you approach the grating of the choir, before which stands a magnificently attired individual, no less than the *suisse*, waiting your arrival. The choir is *his* particular department, which, after having viewed, your superb cicerone makes you a pompous bow, meaning, as plain as bow can speak, "*something to drink.*"

You now arrive at the vestry, and, wonderful to say, it is open; you enter, when lo! *there* stands another verger, and the beadle respectfully withdraws, for the verger must enjoy his prey to himself. You are now shown stoles, sacramental cups, bishops' mitres, and in some glass case, lined with dirty satin, the bones of some saint dressed out like an opera dancer.—Having seen all this, the usual ceremony of "*something to drink*" is repeated, and the beadle resumes his functions. You find yourself at the foot of the belfry, and desire to see the view from the summit. The beadle gently pushes open a door, and having ascended about thirty steps, your progress is interrupted by a closed door. The beadle having again departed, you knock, and the bell-ringer makes his appearance, who begs you to walk up—"something to

drink." It is some relief to your feelings that this man does not attempt to follow you as you make your way upwards to the top of the steeple. Having obtained the object of your wishes, you are rewarded by a superb landscape, an immense horizon, and a noble blue sky; when your enthusiasm becomes suddenly chilled by the approach of an individual who haunts you, buzzing unintelligible words into your ears, till at last you find out that he is especially charged to point out to strangers all that is remarkable, either with regard to the church or landscape. This personage is usually a stammerer, and often deaf: you do not listen to him, but allow him to indulge in his muttering, completely forgetting him, while you contemplate the immense pile below, where the lateral arches lie displayed like dissected ribs, and the roofs, streets, gables, and roads appear to radiate in all directions, like the spokes of wheels, of which the horizon is the fellow. Having indulged in a prolonged survey, you think about descending, and proceed towards the stairs; and lo! there stands your friend with his hand extended. You open your purse again.—"Thanks, sir!" says the man, pocketing the money; "I will now trouble you to remember *me.*" How so—have I not just given you something? "*That* is not for me, sir, but for the church; I hope you will give me *something to drink.*" Another pull at the purse.

A trap-door now opens, leading to the belfry; and another man shows and names you the bells. "*Something to drink,*" again! At the bottom of the stairs stands the beadle, patiently waiting to re-conduct you to the door; and "*something to drink*" for *him* follows as a matter of course. You return to your hotel, taking good care not to inquire your way, for fear of further demands. Scarcely, however, are you arrived, when a stranger accosts you by name, whose face is wholly unknown to you. This is the commissioner who brings your passport, and demands "*something to drink.*" Then comes dinner; then the moment for departure—"something to drink." Your baggage is taken to the diligence—"something to drink." A porter places it on the roof; and you comply with *his* request for "*something to drink,*" with the satisfaction of knowing that the claim is the last. Poor comfort, when your miseries are to recommence on the morrow! To sum up, after paying the porter, the wheelbarrow, the man who is not of the hotel, the old woman, Rubens, the *suisse*, the verger, ringer, church, under-ringer, stammerer, beadle, commissioner, servants, stable-boy, postman, you will have undergone eighteen

taxings for fees in the course of a morning. Calculating all these from the minimum of ten sous to the maximum of two francs, this drink-money becomes an important item in the budget of the traveller. Nothing under silver is accepted. Coppers are the mere sweepings of the street—an object of inexpressible contempt. To this ingenious class of operatives the traveller represents a mere sack of money, to be emptied in the shortest manner possible. The Government sometimes comes in for its share; takes your valise and portmanteau, shoulders them, and then holds forth its official hand. In some great cities the porters pay a certain tax to Government, of so much per head on every traveller. I had not been a quarter of an hour in Aix-la-Chapelle before I had given "*something to drink*" to the King of Prussia.

REMINISCENCES OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

There are some coincidences in the lives of us all, which are well worthy of attention; but this observation is particularly the case as it regards princes. One of these relating to the Duke of Chartres, the present King of the French, at that time in his youth, is the following. Soon after he took the title of Chartres, on the death of his grand-father, he visited the famous prison of Mount St. Michel. He was forcibly struck with a dull sound of bells which were pealing in honor of himself and his brothers; and, as he listened to them, he avowed that they excited most melancholy sentiments. He interrogated the monks, who then had the care of the prison, relative to the famous *iron cage*, but they told him it was not of iron, but of wood, framed of enormous logs, between which there were interstices of the width of three or four finger-breadths. It was then about fifteen years since any prisoner had been *wholly* confined therein, but any who were violent were subject to the punishment for 24 hours. The Duke of Chartres expressed his surprise that so cruel a measure, in so damp a place, should be permitted. The prior replied that it was his intention at some time or other to destroy this monument of cruelty, since the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) had visited the Mount St. Michel a few months previous, and had positively commanded its demolition. "In that case," said the Duke of Chartres, "there can be no reason why we should not all be present at its destruction, for that will delight us." The next morning was fixed by the prior for the good work of demolition, and the Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a force really beyond

his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, amidst the transports, acclamations, and applauses of the prisoners. The Swiss who was appointed to show this monster cage, alone looked grave and disappointed, for he made money by conducting strangers to view it. When the Duke of Chartres was informed of this circumstance, he presented the Swiss with 10 louis, and with much of wit and good humor, observed, "Do now, my good Swiss, in future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, point out to them the place where it once stood; and surely to hear of its destruction will afford to them all the more pleasure than to have seen it."

On quitting the prison, the Duke of Chartres obtained for several of its sad inmates a privilege they ardently desired, of being allowed to follow them to the foot of the castle. One of them, who had been confined for fifteen months, and who till that time had been deprived of the liberty of moving from the upper part of the fort, when he found himself out of the convent and on the little landing-place, but especially when he saw the grass which covered the steps of the staircase, displayed emotions of joy and tenderness, and exclaimed, "Oh what joy is it to walk once more on the grass!" The Duke of Chartres was overcome; inveighed against the policy which needed such a prison to be filled with political offenders; expressed his horror at the treatment of the Abbé Sabatier, who had been confined there for having spoken in the parliament with great force against the abuses of the grossest description which then existed; and when he went to Paris obtained the enlargement of two prisoners. Little did his royal highness then imagine that at a future period of his life he would be King of the French! And now comes the contrast. The prison of Mount St. Michel, so abhorred by the Duke of Chartres, has been precisely the very prison to which political offenders have been sent since his Majesty ascended the throne. True, the "cage" exists no longer, and true, also, that many improvements have been effected in the interior of the jail, but it is not the less true that many have died therein during the last ten years from disorders contracted there by reason of its dampness; some have gone raving mad, owing to the desolation and isolation of the spot, and many still linger on their wretched and deplorable existences in that spot for offences of a political character! This contrast is striking! Madame Adelaide has often been reminded of her visit to Mount St. Michel, and has been requested by prisoners to intercede with her brother for their

removal; but so great is the difference between the aspect with which we regard offences committed against ourselves, and those whom we love, and those so committed against others, that she has invariably refused to interfere, giving as her reason, that political offenders, under the benignant sway of her brother, and enjoying the blessings of a constitutional government, are not subjects for pity, but for reproach. It is thus that we are often unintentionally unjust, when we set ourselves up as judges in our own cases. Mademoiselle d'Orleans and the Duke of Chartres contemplated with horror that very prison to which they afterwards directed hundreds of political offenders to be conveyed.

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

It was a fine clear moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealcreagh—who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey?—Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leander distance, from which the unknown might have swum. Meanwhile the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if, having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features, at least as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrin voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahoney.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive,

he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course what I am?"

"Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I am only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "It's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or, Success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he larn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round sky-blue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Matthew's."

"Begad, that's true," said Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the repale?"

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long-drawn sigh, and forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favor in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honor's tail?"

"That very same," said the Merman. "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow. But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

"Sure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder, anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you spill even a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Divil a bit of repale without *that*!"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-colored paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike; "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting, Mike," and he winked again with his round, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty inconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the repale," and whipping out a huge clasp knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed—and, strange to say of an Irish operation, without shedding a single drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a nine-pin on the broad end, "there you are, free and independint, and fit to sit where you please."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College-green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of—the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the Union!"

THE CREED OF A PRETTY WOMAN.

I believe, that a cachmere shawl is to a woman an object of the first necessity.

I believe, that marriage is a municipal formality, in which there is nothing embarrassing, and which is susceptible of modifications, according to the humor of the contracting parties.

I believe, that the first virtue of a woman is coquetry; the greatest defect, maturity; and her greatest crime, old age.

I believe, that the Salique law is a monument of barbarism, which disgraces the European codes.

I believe, that Joan of Arc is the greatest man that the world ever produced, and that Ninon de l'Enclos is the greatest woman.

I believe, that paint is more necessary to the heart of a woman than to her complexion.

I believe, that an English lord who has plenty of sovereigns, and a great wish to spend them in company, is the most witty, the most airy, and the most original of all beings.

I believe, that devotion is not incompatible with pleasure, and that any reasonable accommodation may be made with heaven.

I believe, that love is an act of stupidity, and friendship a contract for mutual deception.

I believe, that it was not a rib which God borrowed from Adam to form Eve, but his tongue, and that it is not our fault if we speak too much.

I believe, that maternity is a very beautiful thing at a distance.

I believe, that conjugal tolerance is in domestic affairs, what religious tolerance is in political ones.

I believe, that a woman should rather want bread than a gown or hat *a-la-mode*.

I believe, that fashion is the goddess of women, and the tyrant of men.

THE BACHELOR'S DITTY.

I love the deep sequestered glen,
Where violet scents prevail;
Where deep-toned thrush, and twittering wren,
The ear with songs regale!
I love the mountain's lofty brow,
I love the tranquil sea;
And I love the ship with stately prow
As she glides on merrily!

Nor is this solitude? O no!
The glen, the bird, the sea,
The mountain's brow, the vessel's prow,
Companions are for me.
They wake a thousand phantasies,
They touch deep hidden springs,
And bring back bye-gone memories
Of long forgotten things!

Yet 'mid these scenes I oft have stood,
And this sad truth I own,
They whispered all, "IT IS NOT GOOD
FOR MAN TO BE ALONE!"
The warbling songster woos his mate,
The leaves the breeze caress:—
Ashamed—rebuked—I henceforth hate
My "single blessedness." E. T. W. S.

EDITORIAL SOLILOQUIES

ON CURRENT LITERATURE, AND THINGS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING.

ENTER, courteous reader, into our SANCTUM SANCTORUM. 'Tis a sacred spot, and few are privileged to enter, but *thou* art ever welcome. Here we shall think aloud—and utter our free and unshackled opinions, and that for thine especial benefit. Listen and be instructed.

Mournful and sad are our present musings, for we have just risen from the perusal of sad intelligence, of mournful tidings. We need not read to you the particulars of the painful history, yet we would not that our subscribers should lack a memorial of so great a national calamity. We will merely say that a festive party had assembled on board the ship of war, Princeton, on the 23th ult. They proceeded from Washington down the river below Mount Vernon, and when within twenty minutes run of Alexandria, the large gun on the bow was fired, it being the second or third time it had been discharged with ball, when exploding at the breech, it spread death and destruction around. The following distinguished officers were killed by the explosion: Judge Upshur, Secretary of State; Governor Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy; Colonel Gardner, N. Y., Vergil D. Maxcy, and Commodore Kennon, with a colored boy named Henry, the President's servant. Captain Stockton suffered by the explosion, but is recovering, as also several of the sailors. We record the calamity with feelings of the liveliest sympathy for the bereaved relatives of the deceased, and sincerely join in the universal, but alas! unavailing sorrow for our national loss.—Let us read to you a passage from an address delivered in one of our city civil courts on the melancholy subject. It says what we would say:—"It is an instructive message. The Ruler of the Earth, in that wisdom, the ends of which we cannot fathom, has removed some of the most distinguished of our land, and we cannot hesitate to acknowledge our appreciation of so powerful and direct a lesson on the uncertainty of life. Few incidents in the history of our country, or of the world, can equal this. The hour of battle may have seen greater desolation; more men, and more distinguished, may have fallen amid the carnage of a well-fought field. But in the history of social life no more distinguished or more numerous body of men have been snatched away together, from the scene of their earthly greatness and honors."

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither in the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

And now what lieth on our Table?

The first is a small duodecimo pamphlet, by a "working mechanic," entitled "ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL DISORDER, a plea for the working classes." Had its author really and benevolently desired to counteract the evil elements of social disorder, he would have produced a widely different book from that now before us. We remember once hearing Robert Owen, the notorious lecturer on Socialism in England, commence a lecture with these words—"All the world is wrong, and I alone am right." We were amused at the modesty of the gentleman, but we admired his honesty. "A working mechanic" is Mr Owen's counterpart in diffidence, without possessing either his honesty or his talent. He inflicts upon his readers, when he can meet with such unfortunate wights, some one hundred pages of vinegarized egotism, the burden of which is, "every thing is wrong;—nothing is as it should be"!

There is not a spark of benevolence in the fellow's narrow soul. That society is far from perfect, we freely, and with sadness, admit. But he must have lost all generosity out of his heart who can see no good in the multiplied charities, the benevolent institutions, and the religious ordinances of our favored country. Hear him:

"Society, good, moral, and religious, as she pretends to be, is a soulless hypocrite. Much as she pretends to love the poor, she loves fine clothes, fine jewels, fine equipage, fine houses, and money, and power, and influence, better. She is a proud, arrogant and avaricious being. She will sacrifice everything like feeling or principle on the altar of a golden idol."

We will read again:

"I tell you the christian community, by a departure from the spirit of the Gospel, and the devotion they pay to pride and avarice, are at the very bottom of all the evils complained of, and might reform them if they loved money less and God and his creatures more. And until they set better examples by their practice in these respects, all their ten thousand projects to reform and evangelize the community, will be as ineffectual as an attempt to bail the ocean dry with a gill cup. But I have no hope of change for the better in that quarter. The church has become a

proud aristocracy, and withal, about as corrupt as political parties. Money-making and proselyting are the orders of the day. 'Ephraim is joined to his idols—let him alone.'"

Yes, and we "*tell you*," Mr. Mechanic, that we "have no hope of a change for the better" from such conceited, illnatured, exparte declamation and vituperation as your worthless pages contain. We guess you are an idle loafer, a quarrelsome fellow, and not a "*working mechanic*." Just put the book in the fire and let us have something else.

And now reach from that table Farnham's (part II) "*TRAVELS IN THE CALIFORNIAS, AND SCENES IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN*," for it is a book of a very different spirit. The author sees "good in every thing," and his heart, (to quote himself,) is easily "persuaded into happiness." You will be pleased with these "*Travels*," gentle reader! They are written with ease, and yet with spirit, and occasionally with rich poetic fervor. Listen to the following pleasing and graphic description of the bay of San Carmelo and the Mission Establishment on its shores:

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EDITORIAL SOLILOQUIES

ON CURRENT LITERATURE, AND THINGS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING.

ENTER, courteous reader, into our SANCTUM SANCTORUM. 'Tis a sacred spot, and few are privileged to enter, but *thou* art ever welcome. Here we shall think aloud—and utter our free and unshackled opinions, and that for thine especial benefit. Listen and be instructed.

Mournful and sad are our present musings, for we have just risen from the perusal of sad intelligence, of mournful tidings. We need not read to you the particulars of the painful history, yet we would not that our subscribers should lack a memorial of so great a national calamity. We will merely say that a festive party had assembled on board the ship of war, Princeton, on the 23th ult. They proceeded from Washington down the river below Mount Vernon, and when within twenty minutes run of Alexandria, the large gun on the bow was fired, it being the second or third time it had been discharged with ball, when exploding at the breech, it spread death and destruction around. The following distinguished officers were killed by the explosion: Judge Upshur, Secretary of State; Governor Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy; Colonel Gardner, N. Y., Vergil D. Maxcy, and Commodore Kennon, with a colored boy named Henry, the President's servant. Captain Stockton suffered by the explosion, but is recovering, as also several of the sailors. We record the calamity with feelings of the liveliest sympathy for the bereaved relatives of the deceased, and sincerely join in the universal, but alas! unavailing sorrow for our national loss.—Let us read to you a passage from an address delivered in one of our city civil courts on the melancholy subject. It says what we would say:—"It is an instructive message. The Ruler of the Earth, in that wisdom, the ends of which we cannot fathom, has removed some of the most distinguished of our land, and we cannot hesitate to acknowledge our appreciation of so powerful and direct a lesson on the uncertainty of life. Few incidents in the history of our country, or of the world, can equal this. The hour of battle may have seen greater desolation; more men, and more distinguished, may have fallen amid the carnage of a well-fought field. But in the history of social life no more distinguished or more numerous body of men have been snatched away together, from the scene of their earthly greatness and honors."

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither in the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

And now what lieth on our Table?

The first is a small duodecimo pamphlet, by a "working mechanic," entitled "ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL DISORDER, a plea for the working classes." Had its author really and benevolently desired to counteract the evil elements of social disorder, he would have produced a widely different book from that now before us. We remember once hearing Robert Owen, the notorious lecturer on Socialism in England, commence a lecture with these words—"All the world is wrong, and I alone am right." We were amused at the modesty of the gentleman, but we admired his honesty. "A working mechanic" is Mr Owen's counterpart in diffidence, without possessing either his honesty or his talent. He inflicts upon his readers, when he can meet with such unfortunate wights, some one hundred pages of vinegarized egotism, the burden of which is, "every thing is wrong;—nothing is as it should be"!

There is not a spark of benevolence in the fellow's narrow soul. That society is far from perfect, we freely, and with sadness, admit. But he must have lost all generosity out of his heart who can see no good in the multiplied charities, the benevolent institutions, and the religious ordinances of our favored country. Hear him:

"Society, good, moral, and religious, as she pretends to be, is a soulless hypocrite. Much as she pretends to love the poor, she loves fine clothes, fine jewels, fine equipage, fine houses, and money, and power, and influence, better. She is a proud, arrogant and avaricious being. She will sacrifice everything like feeling or principle on the altar of a golden idol."

We will read again:

"I tell you the christian community, by a departure from the spirit of the Gospel, and the devotion they pay to pride and avarice, are at the very bottom of all the evils complained of, and might reform them if they loved money less and God and his creatures more. And until they set better examples by their practice in these respects, all their ten thousand projects to reform and evangelize the community, will be as ineffectual as an attempt to bail the ocean dry with a gill cup. But I have no hope of change for the better in that quarter. The church has become a

proud aristocracy, and withal, about as corrupt as political parties. Money-making and proselyting are the orders of the day. 'Ephraim is joined to his idols—let him alone.'

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that prompted them "sleepeth not," and though it may seem to slumber, it is yet stealthily creeping towards its prey, waiting for the favorable moment to spring upon and destroy it. We do not think, however, that the usual mode of conducting the controversy with the Romish church, the wisest or the best. Bitter invective, and wholesale vituperation, though it may for a while seem to further the cause for which it is employed, is sure, eventually, to injure rather than benefit those who indulge in it. It betrays a conscious weakness, not, in this case, in the cause itself, but on the part of the champion who has entered on its defence. To say the least it is unchristian, and should never be resorted to by ecclesiastical controversialists. Bishop Hopkins has avoided this evil, and rendered his volume so much the more valuable and acceptable. There is a spirit of Christian courtesy, throughout the whole of the Lectures, which, while it in no way lessens the perspicuity of the author's reasoning, adds greatly to the dignity and moral force of his expostulations. The author's spirit is seen in the following "introductory remarks":

"But I beg leave to premise—and I trust the unavoidable egotism of the statement may be pardoned—that although these lectures will, of necessity, bear somewhat of a controversial aspect, yet are they commenced in no spirit of unkindness to the Church of Rome, or to any other Church of Christendom. I do indeed profess myself a firm believer in the one Catholic or Universal Church of the Redeemer, which forms a distinct article of the primitive creed; but I have long cherished the opinion that all orthodox believers are members of that Church, whatever may be the diversities of their particular communion. The cardinal truths which form that simple creed, and in which all Christians concur, seem to my mind greatly to outweigh the minor points on which they differ; and, therefore, while I desire to hold the truth on every subject, and regard every distinction which tends to divide the followers of Christ as a sore evil, yet would I endeavor, at all times, to remember the far weightier matters in which they agree, and thus realize a measure of Christian charity, even when compelled to utter the language of reprehension."

Nor does this admission remove the ground, or destroy the necessity, of controversy. The great end of all controversy is improvement, and the more we are accustomed to regard all the sections of the Church Militant as one family, the more we are disposed to do our utmost to bring about unity of sentiment and affection. The great mistake, of the ultra-parties of the day, is to account errors as fatal, which are only dangerous. Just as infidels assume, that if the Bible were divine, then would all who receive it *as divine* be of one mind, forgetting that the corruptions of the human heart lead men to pervert and abuse the Gospel, as well as other gifts of God.

We should have been glad, dear reader, to have read to you many passages from this excellent book, but "it must not be." The following, however, you must listen to. It is the close of the Sixth Lecture on the "Inconsistency of the Papal claim," in which the sentiments of Dr. Wiseman are controverted.

"You perceive, brethren, that our learned advocate here asserts the abiding presence of Christ with the Church. In this we agree; but I ask for what purpose then, serves the doctrine of the pope's viceregency? A viceregent amongst earthly governments is one who holds the place and discharges the functions of an *absent monarch*. But Christ, our King, is *not absent*.—His own gracious promise was given, to be with his apostles and their successors ALWAYS.—Wherever two or three are gathered together in his name, he is pledged to be in the midst of them. To use the expressive figure of the book of Revelation, 'He walketh among the seven golden candlesticks.' He unites with the assemblies of his people in his sanctuaries; yea, He enters into the secret chamber of their inmost thoughts, He searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men. And doth He stand in need of a viceregent? And shall a poor, infirm mortal, talk of being the vicar of the divine, the omnipresent, the omnipotent Son of God? Alas! which of the acts of Christ can this imaginary vicar perform? Can the pope of Rome say to each sorrowing heart throughout the world, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee?' Can he watch over us in the hour of temptation? Can he hear and answer our prayers? Can he strengthen and protect our weakness? Can he mark our secret guilt in the book of his remembrance? Can he favor and bless our humble resolutions of repentance and amendment? O how strange, how strange; to admit that Christ is present, and yet to treat him as if he were absent, and needed a viceregent! How strange, to acknowledge Christ as God, and yet suppose that a frail man can be his substitute! How strange, to adore Christ as the glorious King of heaven, and yet imagine that the blessed privilege of admission to his presence, is only to be granted through one weak mortal hand on earth!"

And now we must detain you "yet a little longer," for we have several cheap Reprints upon our Table. Winchester has given us a fair translation of Victor Hugo's "HANS OF ICELAND; OR THE DEMON OF THE NORTH." Hans of Iceland is an ideal being of questionable—Norwegian legends say of demoniacal—paternity, and the dread and terror of the country, where the scene of the romance is laid. The tale is one of those in which the execution triumphs over the conception. The very "birth and parentage" of the leading character, give an incongruousness to the

plot, which excites our dislike, and would induce us to lay down the work without reading it, but that the subordinate characters are so well sustained, and the incidents so startling, that we go on reading in spite of ourselves. The following account of an execution by Nychol, the "hangman," is powerfully wrought, and is a bitter satire upon our fallen humanity.

"Will you believe it, that four-and-twenty years ago I had the chance of beheading the Prime Minister Schumacker?"

"Schumacker Count Griffenfeldt?" exclaimed Ordoner.

"Ah, that wakes you up, my silent friend, does it? Yes," he continued, Schumacker Count Griffenfeldt; and, if it please his gracious majesty, it is probable that he may fall by my hand yet. But come, comrades, finish this beer and I'll tell you all about it."

"In the year 1676, I was assistant to Ruam Statdt, the executioner royal of Denmark, at Copenhagen, when Count Griffenfeldt was condemned to death. It so happened that my master was sick, and I succeeded in getting appointed to officiate in his place. I shall never forget the day; I erected a fine scaffold, which was hung with black in honor of the high rank of the condemned. At eight o'clock, the guard noble surrounded the scaffold, and the hulans of Slesvig were stationed to keep off the people, who thronged the grand square by thousands. Who is there that would not have gone out of his wits in my situation?—there I stood upon the platform with the great sword in my hands, and every eye fixed upon me. At that moment I certainly was the most important personage in the two kingdoms; I felt that my fortune was made; for it was I that was to finish the work which had so long occupied the great lords who had leagued together for the destruction of the chancellor. They could not, in return, do less than make me executioner royal, and then I should have a good salary, high fees, and servants of my own. Well, the clock struck ten—the condemned came out of his prison—he crossed the square and ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and a tranquil mien. I offered to tie his hair, he refused and tied it himself, remarking, with a smile, to the prior of St. Andrews, '*It's a long time since I've been my own hairdresser.*' I proceeded to place the black bandage over his eyes; he pushed it away with disdain, but without showing any ill will toward me. '*My friend,*' he observed, soon after, '*this is the first time, so far as I know, that the two extremes of the law have ever met: the chancellor and the executioner.*' I shall always recollect that speech. He would not have the black cushion which I placed for his knees, but, after embracing the chaplain, he knelt upon the bare-floor, before the block and exclaimed, in a loud and firm voice, '*I die innocent!*' Then I took the mace and broke his escutcheon of arms, and the collars of his orders, crying aloud, as is customary, '*This is an act of justice.*' That seemed to shake the firmness of the count, but he only said, '*The king gave them, let him take them again if he will.*' Then he laid his head upon the block, with his face to the east, and I raised my sword with both hands, when—what do you think?—at that very moment I heard a shout of '*Pardon! Pardon!* in the king's name, for Schumacker!' I turned, and saw an aid-de-camp galloping towards the scaffold, and waving a parchment. It was a pardon. The count received the intelligence with an air of quiet satisfaction, but without any show of joy. When it was read to him, however, he exclaimed, '*Just Heaven! perpetual imprisonment! their mercy is a mockery!*' and he who had ascended the scaffold firm and collected, left it as much overcome as a thief who is about to be turned off. Well, all this was nothing to me, for I had no idea that this man's reprieve would be my loss, as it was not my fault. So I removed the scaffold, and returned to my master's house, full of hope, though, I must confess, a little disappointed at the loss of the gold crown which I should have had for head money. But I soon found that this was not all my loss. The next morning I received the appointment of executioner of Dorontheim, the meanest province in Norway, and was ordered to depart immediately. Now mark, gentlemen, what great effects sometimes are produced by the most trifling causes. The enemies of the count, by way of exhibiting their clemency, had procured his pardon, but did not intend that it should arrive until the moment *after* his execution. But it came the moment *before*, and I was blamed for being too slow."

The same publisher has given us a cheap reprint of a work, just published in London, entitled "ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY: an Essay on the legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the middle ages." We hear the work has not sold well. We "guess" it is because it is not sufficiently known. We shall revert to it again next week, for we would not pronounce upon it *impromptu*, having a strong suspicion that it will well repay a close and attentive perusal.

THE SISTERS; OR ENGLAND AND FRANCE," by Henry Cockton, the gifted author of "The Somnambulist," now reprinting in this Magazine, is a highly wrought "Romance of Real Life," in Mr. Cockton's happiest vein. It is reprinted by Mr. H. Colyer, and is a book that every lover of the lighter departments of literature should read.

Quite as much may be said of Samuel Lover's "RORY O'MORE," a national romance, published by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, and illustrated by the author's pencil, with a most spirited and comic etching of "The Schoolmaster at home," and "Molly and the Priest's Dog," who caught by the *lady* in the act of stealing a bone, in his hurry to escape, commits a second theft by dashing his head through Molly's gridiron, and, to his evident dismay, carries it off by way of a

collar. But the etchings, though humorous enough in all conscience, are "flat, stale and unprofitable," compared with the matter of the book—there is Irish drollery, and fun, and wit, in every line; and if you want a hearty laugh, buy Samuel Lover's "Rory O'More," and you will have it to your heart's content.

But we have not yet spoken of sundry Magazines, about which we meant to say much. We must however dismiss them briefly. "Knickerbocker" is excellent this month—nay, that word is too tame to express our opinion of its contents. First, there is a delightful paper on "What is Transcendentalism?" full of quiet wit and humor, and an exquisite poem entitled "Night and Morning,"—also a "Legend of Don Roderick of Spain," by Washington Irving, *cum multis aliis*, and an Editor's Table, at which the first genius in the land would be proud to take a seat. We know not to whom we may attribute the following,—for we are as yet a stranger amongst our brethren,—but it is exquisite poetry,—a perfect gem of thought and feeling. Listen, and if there be any poesy in thy soul—any young affection that has wakened into life—it shall thrill to thy very heart's citadel. Aye, and if thou be an old man, thy lips shall quiver and thine eye moisten whilst thou listenest.

ISABEL.

"Hush! her face is chill,
And the summer blossom,
Motionless and still,
Lieth on her bosom.
On her shroud so white,
Like snow in winter weather,
Her marble hands unite,
Quietly together.

"How like sleep the spell
On her lids that fadeth!
Wake, sweet Isabel!
Lo! the morning calleth.
How LIKE Sleep!—'tis Death!
Sleep's own gentle brother;
Heaven holds her breath—
She is with her mother!"

That man is a poet—a God-made poet—if he never pen another line. He has unconsciously given us painting, poetry, and sculpture—a most sweet trinity.

Modest and neat is the exterior of "Campbell's Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine," and full of interest is the interior of the present number. A richer one, was perhaps never issued by our Philadelphian friend. A beautiful portrait has he given us of the lamented Washington Allston, engraved by J. Sartain, and a neat etching of the late Dr. Maginn, by the same artist. Each is accompanied by an interesting memoir of the great men whom it represents. Of the merits of Washington Allston it is needless for us to speak,—others have borne their willing and influential testimony to his character and his works. And we are glad to find from the "Semi-Monthly," that across the water, justice has been done to his talents. The memoir in this number, is from the pages of the "Athenæum," a London literary periodical, and is written by Mrs. Jameson. The memoir of Dr. Maginn, is reprinted from the Dublin University Magazine. Richard Oastler, the author of the "Fleet Papers," contributes some reminiscences of the Doctor while a resident at the Fleet prison. The memoir suggests some painful reflections that we cannot now indulge in.

"THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLION!" Nay, do not rise, most courteous companion! Resume your seat, but for a few moments. We are not going to criticise ourselves—we are far, far too modest for that. But we have news for you. Number four of our little periodical, has sold as few magazines sell, even when matured and well known. Our whole edition will soon be exhausted, and it is not yet, strictly speaking, "publishing day." We cannot but feel gratified that our efforts to please and to *instruct* the American public, are so manifestly appreciated and encouraged. Our friends may rest assured, that the Editor will not relax his exertions still further to improve its contents, and he has great satisfaction in announcing that the Publishers are resolved to do their share towards its success. The edition of our next number will be increased from five to SIX THOUSAND, and the number of PRIZES will be DOUBLED. And be it known unto all men,—and we need no better advertisement than this,—that our prizes are *drawn by disinterested persons*. This we say, because we have heard of sundry ungenerous surmises on the subject. Let our subscribers and friends rest assured, that in the whole conduct of this Magazine, all parties having charge of its interests, will act with perfect honor and good faith.

Reader! adieu—"We meet again" at Number SIX.

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